

The Vocal Shepherdess.

I DO as I will with my swain ;
 He never once thinks I am wrong ;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so much with my song.
 A song is the shepherd's delight ;
 He hears me with joy all the day ;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.
 With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to soothe him the while ;
 My voice set his mind quite to rest,
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river side,
 I sing my best songs to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.
 No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasure of nature, or art,
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear,
 Soon found out the way to his heart.
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng ;
 I won the rich prize with much ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.
 But let me not jealousy raise ;
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY ;